

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, June 2,....1810.

[NO. 6.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

(Concluded.)

The Sun arose in his wonted beauty the next morning to the eyes of Steinfort, who awoke to a renewed prospect of life and happiness, which though shaded by a few difficulties, imparted more lively pleasures than it is in the power of sullen and retired philosophy to bestow. He arose and adjusted his dress more to the taste of the world, and threw off the rough and uncourtly manners of the philosopher for the more gentle and respectful demeanor of the lover. His rural host and hostess, with whom he resided, were rather surprized at this alteration in his appearance, but as their enquiries had been checked, they presumed not to ask any questions. They knew nothing of his circumstances, and were seldom troubled with his company, except when he was induced to make some idle experiment, or in his moments of relaxation he amused them with his eccentricities.

Having loitered about with impatience till the former part of the

morning had passed away, he departed to visit his Eliza. The sun shone delightfully on the surrounding landscape as he walked along, the plumed musicians of the air carolled their sweetest notes, and all nature seemed to breathe forth a harmony well suited to the soft emotions of his soul. On his arrival he was introduced into a parlour, where he found Eliza setting alone. She received him with a familiar ease, unaccompanied with any other confusion, save what tinted her cheek.

After a few general comments and explanations relative to past events, they touched upon more interesting topics, and Steinfort was not a little gratified at finding in the person he loved a mind congenial with his own, that could accompany him in the flights of fancy, and the wanderings of imagination.

The time flew swiftly away, and nothing remained to damp the happiness of our lovers but the opposition of friends. They had to encounter and subdue the pertinacity of a prejudiced father, and to brave the taunts of a censorious world; a task, however difficult to

perform for an individual lopped off from society, without any one to love or trust, is still more difficult to undertake with fortitude, when we see those we love subjected to the same calamity ; and though we have the additional pleasure of mutual consolation, we have likewise the additional pain of seeing each other suffer, from the same cause, with the same despair of redress. These ideas served but to strengthen the cord that bound them together, and they separated with desires sanctioned by virtue, and hopes that could not easily be depressed.

Steinfort daily continued his visits, and every evening returned with brighter prospects of happiness, barred with new difficulties of access. A week being elapsed in removing obstructions and obviating objections, without any decisive measures being adopted, they met to determine on some mode of conduct, and agree either to act independent of friends, or forego each other's company till circumstances were more favourable to their union. Clandestine means were canvassed and dismissed with this remark ; " that, though they sometimes conferred security, they did not infallibly secure happiness ; for those who adopted them must ever offend the judicious and experienced part of mankind, the good opinion of which is so necessary to public approbation, and public approbation best consolidates private enjoyment."—

" Well," observed Eliza, as she tendered Steinfort her hand " this the world may prevent me making a present of for a time, but shall never prevail upon me to give it to another." Steinfort pressed it to his lips. At that instant the parlour door opened, and Mr. Dalton appeared. Steinfort felt a little confused at first at this singular intrusion ; but, unconscious of any impropriety, he avoided, by any awkward evasions, to create the appearance of one. Eliza, when she saw her father, shrunk for a moment from herself, and as she expected to encounter offended honour on his brow, and every feature alive with revenge, was not a little surprized, when, after gazing on them for a moment with doubtful surprize, he familiarly stepped forward, and shaking hands with Steinfort, hoped he found him well.

An appearance so unexpected and conduct so mysterious, filled them both with astonishment, and was mistaken at first for some low cunning of insult. Mr. Dalton soon undeceived them, by making suitable concessions to Steinfort for the injury he had done his character, and briefly informing him that his seclusion from the world had given rise to an inquiry into his character and circumstances ; and it too plainly appeared that his actions had been aggravated, and the pursuits of virtue tortured into those of vice. He likewise informed him, that having heard

from his friends of the amendment of his daughter's health, he had been induced to fetch her home, to assist him in concerting measures to seek out his retirement, and make him what reparation was left in his power. That on his arrival, he was informed of the perilous situation from which his daughter had been snatched by the signal bravery and interposition of a young man, who was then with her in the parlour; and that thus he had without any apology intruded upon them, but expected not to find in the deliverer of his daughter, one whom he had given sufficient provocation to convert into the deadliest foe. Steinfort and Eliza heard his narrative with looks expressive of the satisfaction they felt; and after a moment's pause, Steinfort observed, "that as a link in the chain of mortality, and subject with his fellow beings to all the terrors and weaknesses of humanity, he had no just claims to distinction from the rest of mankind; that when extenuation was the business of the world, after its revenge had been glutted, and the object of its displeasure removed, virtue was magnified in its turn as much as vice had been, and applause was as frequently injudiciously bestowed as censure."—"Well, well," replied Mr. Dalton, "that may be as you please, but you shall not moralize me out of the notion that I am under great obligations to you, and therefore I hope you will consider of some method by which I may repay

them." "On this supposition that you are obliged to me," answered Steinfort, "I know but of one favour you can grant me, in the refusal of which you deny me every thing I desire, but in conferring it, you give me every thing I want; and that is," continued he, "the hand of this lady," taking hold of Eliza. "How now," retorted Mr. Dalton, "you are contriving to get me deeper in debt, by taking the trouble off my hands of seeking her a suitable husband; but since you are resolved to be generous, I will not be left behind; therefore, if you have her, it must be only on this condition, that you permit me to entail upon her a fortune of 5000*l*." His ready consent, together with his generosity, rather surprized Steinfort; but it is often observed, that those who are warm and hasty in their resentments, are, on conviction of having done wrong, equally zealous and eager to make all possible amends. Steinfort paying him a compliment on his liberality, observed, that as proposals of that nature were so seldom rejected, he would not be so affectedly singular as to hesitate on the conditions. "Well then," said Mr. Dalton, taking hold of Eliza's hand, and attempting to give it to Steinfort.—"Hold," cried Eliza, "is my consent then entirely out of the question?"—"Your eyes have told me you have not been an indifferent spectator," replied Mr. Dalton—Eliza reddened—"Nay, those cheeks confirm it," added he, "colouring as it

were for the frailty of your eyes ; come, come, he who was brave enough to oppose individual force against such odds, to rescue you, is no common hero, and will make no common husband." "You are convinced then," replied Eliza, "that he is not infallibly a coward who refuses to countenance the practice of duelling." "I am convinced," replied Mr. Dalton, "that *he is the greatest hero who has courage to do right* ; therefore I hope you will permit me to present your hand to Steinfort."—"Suppose I object," observed Eliza. "Do you object?" asked Mr. Dalton. "Yes!" answered Eliza. "Your reason," continued he. "That I may have the pleasure of presenting it to him myself," added Eliza, giving her hand to Steinfort. Mr. Dalton laughing, observed, "that he hoped her philosophical lover would teach her something of *gravity*." Steinfort observed, that he had no claim to the title of philosopher. "What but philosophy has enabled you to endure the evils of life with patience?" asked Mr. Dalton. "That I am afraid has not been the case," replied Steinfort; "but I have a still more difficult task before me," continued he, "to enjoy the pleasures of life with *temperance*."

The evening was spent in a reciprocation of civilities, and after some entreaty on the side of Mr. Dalton, and solicitation on Steinfort, the nuptials were agreed to be solemnized on the approaching

Sabbath, at the house of Mr. Dalton. Having spent the remaining part of the week among their friends in the country, a coach was procured early on Sunday morning, that bore them away to the altar of connubial felicity!

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

"When once an obligation is mentioned by the obliging party, the obligation ceases"

COBBETT.

DURING an excursion I recently made a few miles into the country, I stopt at the house of a gentleman with whom I had formerly been acquainted, and whose real name, I shall conceal under that of *Merlin*. It was at the close of the afternoon when I arrived at his place of residence, and several persons in some disorder were just then leaving the door-way ; upon entering I observed my acquaintance to be in some degree of passion and confusion :—After the customary salutations, etc. I inquired into the cause that had ruffled his temper? and was given to understand, that one of the persons I had seen depart was a worthless scoundrel, who had frequently revelled upon his bounty, and had but the moment before been displaying to him the basest *ingratitude* and insolence. Yes, said he, my friend (addressing himself to me) would you believe it? that *puffsy* I have relieved *hundreds* of times from the most dire distress; had it not been for

my assistance he would long ere this have perished in a prison :— the favours I have rendered him are innumerable ! But for what cause does he insult you ? Ay, that's the thing ; the fellow amidst his poverty, pretends to *possess a spirit* ! Did you ever hear any thing so ridiculous ? A wretch without a groat assuming airs of delicacy ! Exclusive of money I often gave him good advice, and requested him to adhere to some maxims of my own, and he had the *impudence* to intimate, that they were against his *principles*. This I mentioned to several intimate friends, also stating (as I now do to you) the favours I had rendered him ; he has heard of it : some fool or other has lent him the amount of my demand, and he has this afternoon returned it, accompanied with the most virulent abuse, for my *duplicity*, as he terms it, and the injury I have done his character. Pray did you ever witness a similar case ? I made a few common-place remarks—and, upon motioning to go, was *politely* invited to tarry the night, which invitation (after what had been said) I thought proper to decline.

Certainly, said I mentally, (as I unfastened my horse from the garden pales) *Merlin* is wrong ! the heart unknown to *true generosity* and *goodness*, should never claim a tribute from *gratitude*. The landlord at whose inn I put up (according to the adage) was “more loquacious than wise,” he appeared

well acquainted with the gentleman I had just left, and of course (for *country-folks* as well as *town-folks love to tattle*) I was soon informed of some anecdotes not much to his credit. My host said, his neighbor *Merlin* was a rich man, loved show, and carried a *smooth outside* : the generality of persons supposed him rigid in his morals, charitable to the poor, and humane to his dependents ; but, said he, *I* know him better : his sanctified mien does not proceed from either religion or morality, but from *hypocrisy* ; his liberality may shade with a film the eyes of the unobserving, but will not bear investigation : I have seen him throw a dollar, *in public*, to a hostler, while he has refused to relieve suffering and *private* merit with a shilling ; his charity is, therefore, nothing but *ostentation*. As to *dependants*, like all other wealthy men, he has many, but for his *humanity*, judge for yourself. He will lend his money to those from whom he expects again to receive it, and takes the liberty of communicating the circumstance to every body, with this addition, that if he lends a man *one hundred* dollars, he is sure to report it was *four* or *five* hundred. What is still worse, he exacts from all he supposes obliged to him the most servile deference and obedience, and when once offended his hatred is as implacable as death.

Had I been unacquainted with mankind, I should have thought

the good publican had made some little exaggeration, but I am sorry to say there are many such characters.

Those who are in the least conversant with life must daily meet with instances of persons charging their *supposed* dependants with ingratitude, when in truth the *ingrate* (as he is called) is only endeavouring to rescue his reputation from the obloquy cast upon it by his *pretended* benefactor; and it must also be allowed, that there is not a more ready way of blasting both a man's credit and happiness, than the one pursued by the masked professor of charity. To exemplify my subject without entering into a too lengthy disquisition, I shall condense it in the following manner. *Horatio* is a man of opulence and by numbers thought to possess virtue and prudence in an eminent degree. He has uniformly been prosperous in his pursuits, and takes it for granted (without considering the many incidents to which the life of man is subjected) that all ought to be equally fortunate, for his ignorance restricts his views from penetrating any further than the great *desideratum* of money making. His virtue (like that of my acquaintance *Merlin*) is put on with his coat, to answer his purposes during the wordly intercourse of the day, but at night, when he retires to his closet, with his coat it is again laid aside as an unnecessary appendage. His prudence is *avarice*, and that avarice

he strives to cloak, with the cunning of a jesuit, and by boasting of the many *disinterested* favours he has conferred on others. Such is the man with whom *Acetus*, in early life, became acquainted; he like others was deceived by *Horatio's* specious *outside*, and loved him for the qualities he supposed him to possess. *Acetus* stood in need of a patron and an adviser, and he thought he had found both. When he wished pecuniary aid, 'tis true *Horatio* supplied him, but at *that time* the affairs of *Acetus* were prosperous.—The scene changed—sickness, and a concatenation of events, which could only be known and prevented by an overruling providence, and which the precaution of man could not guard against, overwhelmed him with distress. Did *Horatio* step forward to save him? No, far from it! He was the very first to insult his fallen friend; he disseminated the *munificence* of his former *bounty* to those he thought would forever be unable to detect his deceit, accompanied with the grossest falsehoods and misrepresentations. Many believed the reports of *Horatio*, and denied *Acetus* the succour he might otherwise have obtained, in consequence of which he lost confidence in *all* and was reduced to the most pitiable situation: those who formerly esteemed, now abandoned him to his fate, and it may take years to wipe away the foul aspersions thrown upon his character. *Acetus* had long penetrated the unlettered un-

derstanding and shallow mind of *Horatio*, but until the exposition of this base attempt to ruin the fame of the man who never injured him, he was unacquainted with the blackness of his heart.

Would to Heaven this were the only instance, wherein such depravity has been and still continues to be betrayed. What is something as onishing these very men, who do the most mischief, and scatter the greatest ruin among their species, are the *first* to demand *gratitude*! With a smiling countenance they hold out in one hand the scroll of promises and the purse of plenty, and in the other the dagger of persecution dipt in the cup of defamation; and, if a person is visionary enough to believe and accept from the one, it is an hundred chances to ten if he does not receive a wound from the other.

The greatest consideration in life (though, alas! too much neglected) ought to be to weigh well from whom we receive favours; *particularly* of a pecuniary nature. There cannot be a more irksome situation than a state of bondage, and I aver to lay under obligations of that kind, to a bad man, is its very *worst* state. Obligations of another nature may one day be satisfied, but the debt of *false gratitude* lasts to eternity! We should never trust too much to a prepossessing exterior, for to conclude, in the language of the ingenious Dr. Young—

Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings but himself

That *hateful* sight—a naked human heart.

O. W.

Kip's Bay, May 20, 1810.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILIQY.

Is it wise to wed, when on the chance
stands happiness or woe?

To marry, or not to marry, that is the question?—Whether it is better for the mind's *peace*, to ride out the storm of fate on fortune's billows? to run a hazard through a devious course—*alone*—without pole—star, or compass? or, whether it is better to walk to the hymenial altar, and there unite, hand, heart, life's chance, and one's *present* fate, to angel or devil in human form? is a pivot, which the mind, like a needle that has lost its magnetic power, quivers and trembles on.

Poverty's extreme, is the whetstone of former pride, and in her service often wears out nice ambition: and that spark in man, so laudable—emulation—she too, often, with her keener blasts, blows out, and quite extinguishes—What's more, she blunts and mans those points that prick a man's better parts, and spurs him to his noblest actions.

Riches too, poverty's adverse—have their charms; but, for me,

they're few—for what envenomed poison oft rankles in the bosom that's bedecked with sparkling diamonds and burnished gold:—I know too, that a mind as calm, and serene, as the unruffled lake, when there's not a breath of air to waft the leaf upon its surface, is happiness complete as mortals may here expect.

Happiness!—that word that sounds so delightful in every ear, and has so many *invitations* in its sense: there is more reality in its sound, than in its enjoyment.—Well—since it is so, that all those things that men are in pursuit of, are naught but unrealities and ideal shadows, and those that we do enjoy, are happiness reversed—Which is the way? To go on—let chance be the guide—give her full rein?—or, use one's better judgment (which is but weak) and judge the best for the best?

Woman—the worst, has some charms, that in a dull hour e'en wakens the dormant senses of man to love and harmony. But—to be united by a sacred and *eternal* tie—with bond indissoluble—from which there's no dissolution, but by foul dishonor?—and then—if she prove inconstant or *unkind*?—Oh! what pang so torturing and severe?—what mind so brave, that with miseries such as these, like rankling vipers in the breast, can wear a placid countenance, indicating unconcern?—None; for their manhood fails! If she proves true,

kind, and faithful to her *promise*, how sweet the love, and social harmony, the pleasure that guilds every scene! how rich and splendid the joys of the united pair, who glide down life's current *smoothly*!

These are the points—the evils and the joys that the mind argues with itself to choose—am afraid too much, of wedding—when wed I do, double woes to this short remnant of mortality—being my wish to spend it wisely, that is happily.

The mind weighing and pondering with itself, often doubts and revolts upon the thought. Doubting is bad suspense; but doubt upon doubt, is equal to despair.

MORDEN.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

NOCTA LUCUBRATIONS.

NO. I.

It becomes all men who aspire (said Sallust) to excel other animals; to labour with their utmost might, not to pass their life in silence as cattle, which nature has formed grovelling and subject to the belly. The similarity of the sentiments of Sallust and Thomson upon the impropriety of mispending our time, in substance are the same, differing only in this, that the one is recorded with that solemnity which was so congenial to the first Roman historian, in the

procure to a book which was to place, in a conspicuous light, the industry of man; the first page of which solicits us if we would aspire to excel the brute, if we would wish to become useful to our fellow men, or desirous to lay up for ourselves that which is more lasting than beauty and riches, and

Memoriam nostri quam maxime longare officere.

it is to be accomplished only by labour and a persevering industry.

What species of writing is more capable of seizing irresistibly upon the mind, especially when fraught with all the elegance of diction that fancy can inspire or ingenuity invent; what is more capable of indelible impressing upon the mind the dictates of morality, than *poetry*? Thomson in the very commencement of that inimitable poem, *Summer*, endeavours, in all the majesty of language, to impress upon our minds the great importance of appropriating time to that use, the creator of which indubitably designed it.

Time is defined by Dr. Johnson to be the measure of duration. If we only consider for a moment what a small portion of that measure is allotted, even to the longest life, we cannot but lament to observe this most inestimable jewel so pitiably trifled with. Dissipation, vice, and an insatiable thirst for pleasure steal away the greater part of our youth, thereby infusing into the system the seeds of the

most dire diseases that can possibly perplex and disorganize our natures. It is the intemperance and folly of this period of our life, when every thing is pliant and ductile, that warps our judgment and enfeebles our bodies, by which we carry into manhood and old age all the tottering concomitants of our early and intemperate indulgence, and by which the greater part of the noon and evening of life, is extinguished in endeavouring to patch up the pernicious effects of the foibles of youth. No lesson is capable of arresting the votary of indulgence, when fairly embarked in the sea of pleasure. Hurled around in its vortex, his senses are bewildered, and he becomes insensible of the fleeting moments that continually pass without intermission and unimproved. In vain is it that the principles of morality are inculcated under the most pleasing inducement to our reformation, or to avoid the shoals and quicksands of intemperance and dissipation.—Morality enlists on its side, the aid of historic truth, with all its illustrious examples, as lessons for the youthful votary of pleasure, to snatch the most inestimable gifts of heaven—his health—and those moments which ought to be devoted to the improvement of his understanding, from the unfathomable gulph of oblivion. Poetry, decked with every charm that genius can devise—flowing from the most fruitful and exalted sources, cheerfully contributes her assist-

ance to awaken in the mind a desire towards mental cultivation, and to appropriate the passing hour to improvement. But, alas! all the powers combined in human nature, I fear, cannot stop the man of pleasure in his thoughtless career, and render him sensible of the impropriety, indeed the sinfulness, of wantonly destroying time.

Another indulgence which swallows up an incalculable portion of time, is *sleep*. Nearly half the life of the generality of mankind is suffered thus insensibly to steal away. In sleep, man resembles death! Stretched upon a bed as upon a bier, his limbs are stiffened and every faculty silenced by this temporary stupor, the counterfeit of that awful change which dissolves this sublunary life.

Who could in such a gloomy state remain

Longer than Nature craves?—

Thomson.

Sleep was designed by the Almighty to refresh nature, which, when exhausted, is an inestimable blessing. Exercise and the ordinary labour of man, soon wears down the system, diffusing thro' it an universal languor, and unbends every energy of organic life. Repose then becomes a refreshment the most delicious. The physician that in a few short hours, heals our complaints, invigorates the body and winds up the spring of life; but if by an unskilful pro-

cess, he keep us lingering a long time, he debilitates and finally destroys the system. Five or six hours' sleep has been found by experience, sufficient to refresh any constitution possessed of its natural vigour. The man who labors excessive, unquestionably requires more than one of easy habits.— Yet even this, sloth and the pernicious custom of man has perverted. The labourer sleeps but *six hours*, when he, of whom it may with propriety be said is the whole of his existence literally asleep, doses *nine* and *ten* hours of the *twenty-four*! What self-murder! what suicide this? How does man become the slave of ruinous and morbid inclination! If we would wish to become useful, we should be industrious. The moments of life are numbered and dealt out to us with the most scrupulous exactitude. Why then throw away those moments in dissipation that should be contributed to the cultivation of intellect? Or to speak in the words of the poet already quoted—

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?

To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life,
Total extinction of the enlightened soul!

A. M. G.

Cherry-Street.

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants that will not bear too familiar approaches.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

One day a gentleman who had formerly been in affluent circumstances, being asked by his mother, with whom he still lived, to assist her in some little domestic concerns, answered, "I can't, mother, for I am a gentleman." "A gentleman!" rejoined the mother,— "Pray what makes you a gentleman?" "Poverty, by Jupiter," answered the son, "will make man or beast *gentle*." T.

A gentleman, who had been discarded for several years previous, for marrying *contrary* to his father's consent, having been invited to his father's wedding, and the nuptial ceremony being over, he was called upon, by his father, for his sentiment with a glass of wine, he arose and thus addressed him :

"Father ; may we ever possess the love of liberty, and the *liberty of loving*."

We understand that his father was so incensed at these expressions, that he immediately left the room where he was setting, and never spoke to his son afterwards.

T.

A gentleman, in a very social and numerous circle of both sexes,

being called upon for his sentiment, with the permission of the company, said he would give the following, it being taken from scripture, and was the motto upon a *lady's garter*.

"May we ever look forward to things *above*, and not to things *below*." T.

Some four or five years ago, during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in this metropolis, an honest Hibernian wrote home to his correspondent in Limerick, that their friend, Barney, had been very ill with the *faver*. "So bad," writes this simple son of Erin, "that he lay *six weeks spackeless*, in the *month of August*, and all his cry was water, water !!!"

W.

A few days since, Mr. Tate, of Newcastle, cabinet maker, was surprised in his ware house, which is up two flight of narrow, high winding stairs, by a visit from a dragoon horse ! The poor animal when he found himself among the looking glasses, &c. trembled excessively ; he was got down without injury to himself or host.

London paper.

A physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured, which being done, the doctor went to pay him. No, said the farrier, ~~we~~ doctors never take any money one of another !

ANECDOTE OF FREDERIC THE GREAT

No officer of the guards at Potsdam, dared go to Berlin without the king's leave. A masquerade was one day given at Berlin, where the king was expected, and he thought that every officer would have asked leave at the parade to go to it, but no one advanced for that purpose, and his majesty, much surprized that no one should ask, supposed they meant to come incog.; upon which he resolved to watch narrowly every mask of whom he had the smallest suspicion. On entering the masquerade, he looked round, and soon perceived a mask, whom he knew by his height to be one of his guards. The king, therefore, sent several of his attendants to find out the mask, but all to no purpose.—He was, however, resolved to know who he was, and went himself masked, and asked him—‘Are you not Lieutenant G.’—‘Yes I am; but I am here without the king's leave, and *he is a scoundrel that tells where I am.*’ This is a common expression in the Prussian army, and means, keep the secret, or forfeit your honour. The king was thus bound to silence, but determined to punish the officer for being at the masquerade without leave; upon which he spoke to an officer of the rifle corps which the mask observing, left the saloon, mounted his horse, and galloped back to Potsdam, undressed, hid his domino, and went to bed. He had not been long

there, when the commanding officer arrived, came to his bed-side, and found him apparently fast asleep. The king, the next morning on the parade, sure of success, after having given the parole, asked in a peremptory tone of voice, if the Colonel had executed his order, and what officer he had to report absent last night. The Colonel answered, ‘None, that he had found them all in bed.’

When the king saw his scheme had miscarried, he walked up and down, and stopped before the officer in question, and whispering in his ear, said: ‘I make you a captain, but you are a *hundsott* (a scoundrel) if you tell it to any body.’ As soon as the king was gone, they all came round the officer, and asked what the king had said to him, but he would not tell, and replied, ‘nothing, nothing.’

After a twelvemonth was passed, and not a word had transpired, finding the officer kept the secret, the king sent him a commission dated a year back.

New mode of challenging a jury.

An Irish bookseller, previous to a trial, in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the jury to whom he had any objections, he might legally challenge them.—‘By J—s and so I will,’ replied he. ‘If they don’t bring me off handsomely, I will *challenge* every man of them.’

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 2, 1810.

The City-Inspector reports the death of 95 persons (of whom 15 were men, 9 women, 6 boys, and 5 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last.

By further information from London it appears, that Sir Francis Burdett had been taken to the Tower, escorted by a strong body of guards; that upon the return of the troops, the mud and stones from the populace began to play on them in such showers, that they could endure the assault no longer, but charged the multitude sword in hand; that the firing became pretty general; that the mob continued the fight for some time, but that they were finally defeated, leaving several dead and wounded on the field of battle; and that, at the date of our last advices, the city was perfectly tranquil.

The combined Portuguese & English forces in Portugal amounted to upwards of 100,000 men, and further reinforcements were expected from England.

Bonaparte's marriage took place at St. Cloud on Sunday the 1st April, and on Monday the new married pair entered Paris.

"A most surprising circumstance," say the Paris papers, "is, that, at St. Cloud, the weather was pretty fair, at the same time that the streets in Paris were inundated with an incessant torrent of rain. Fears were entertained with regard to the festivity of the ensuing day: and we had already begun to lament the loss of so many preparations in the capital to celebrate the most august of ceremonies and the most memorable of events—But the star of the Emperor once more prevailed over the equinoctial gales. At the moment when the cannon announced the departure of his majesty, the sun dispersed the clouds; and nothing was wanting to the splendor

of the most delightful fete that we have ever witnessed."

We understand that a curious question was discussed by a synod of bishops on the occasion of the meeting between Bonaparte and the Austrian princess, at the town of Compeigne, on the river Oise, 45 miles north-east of Paris. It was enquired of these prelates, assembled at the Ecclesiastical Court, if it were lawful, that Napoleon and Maria Louisa, who had been married by proxy at Vienna, could, consistent with the Christian law, sleep beneath the same canopy? After a short consultation of these Episcopal doctors, permission was given, and we are told, that the religious scruples of the Imperial Maiden were by these venerable patriarchs happily removed!

A London paper contains the following remarks:—All the continental papers are filled with articles on the subject of Bonaparte's marriage. From a theatre of war the different states appear to be converted into one contending scene of gossiping and *chit-chat*. With what levity does the mind of man move from the extremes of horror, to the veriest littleness of coffee-cup conferences—from the trumpet's blast, 'to the lascivious warblings of the lute!'—from death, to dance, and song, and rout, and revelry!!

Imperial Luxury—The wedding robe which has been made in Paris, for the new Empress of France, is embroidered all over with diamonds, the intervals filled with Molines lace. Its value is estimated at about 85,000 dollars!

The Miniature of Napoleon, which the Prince of Neuchatel presented to the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria, on his first introduction to her, is set in 16 solitaires, each of which is estimated at 30,000 florins—making in the aggregate 480,000 florins.

Under the head of Paris, March 19, it is stated, that on the preceding day the daughter of the Senator, Lucien Bonaparte, arrived in that city. Lucien either disgusted with the apostacy of Napoleon, or fearing for the permanence of his power, has long declined to partake of his fortune. The arrival of his daughter at Paris, is probably the signal for a reconciliation.

The British Admiralty have issued orders, for a swift sailing cutter or other vessel, to prepare to sail for America, and from thence to the island of Sombrero, and all other West-India islands, to search for and endeavor to ascertain the fate of Jeffery, the seaman belonging to the Recruit sloop, who was inhumanly set on shore on the above named island of Sombrero, by his commanding officer, the *Honorable Captain Lake*, for the enormous crime of *stealing a bottle of spruce beer* ! ! !

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several pieces, under the signature of VANESSA, which have for a long time been mislaid, will be attended to as soon as possible. Other communications on file will receive due attention.

The alteration suggested by P. was not received from the Post-Office until too late to correct the procedure. Any communication from our friends in the lower part of the city, thro' that channel, will receive due attention in future.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. A. Bullions, the Rev. Mr. Robert Bruce, to Miss Margaret Gosman, daughter of Mr. George Gosman, all of this city.

At Milford, (Con.) on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bezaleel Pin-

nas, Mr. Joseph Pruden, only son of Nuton Pruden, to Miss Nancy Strong, only daughter of John Strong, esquire.

Old Maids, don't despair !

In East Greenwich, (R. I.) Mr. Henry Olin, aged NINETEEN years, to Miss Sally Alesworth, aged SEVENTY-FIVE !

Old joys revived again !

At Stamford, (Con.) Col. Joseph Hoyt, aged EIGHTY-FOUR, to the Widow Ann Nichols, aged EIGHTY-TWO.

At Southold, (L. I.) not long since, John Hubbard, Esq. to Miss Abigail Corwin—Dr. Ebenezer W. Case to Miss Prudence Moore—Mr. Simeon Benjamin to Miss Esther Wines.

At Shelter-Island, Capt. Ezekiel Havens to Miss Roxana Case—Mr. David Talmage to Miss Susanna Mayo.

DIED,

On Saturday evening last, after a lingering illness, Mr. William Boggs, in the 44th year of his age.

On Monday last, Thomas Manley, youngest son of Mr. Robert Manley.

On Friday, 25th ult. in the 28th year of his age, Capt. Benjamin C. Simmons.

On Monday last, Charles Fergusson, in the 29th year of his age.

On Monday last, Mrs. Jane Crolius, wife of John Crolius, junior, in the 52d year of her age.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Patrick Haggerty, in 65th year of his age.

On Wednesday last, Verdine Elsworth, Esq. aged 80 years.

Yesterday morning, Mrs. Margaret Van Vtwerf, aged 87.



.....

COMMUNICATED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE MAGPYE.

A TALE.

Let others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praise the tuneful choir,
The linnet, chaffinch, goldfinch, thrush,
And every warbler of the bush ;
I sing the mimic Magpye's fame,
In wicker cage well fed and tame.

In Fleet-street dwelt in days of yore
A jolly tradesman nam'd *Tom Moore*,
Gen'rous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play,
No sounds to him such sweets afford
As dice box rattling o'er the board :
Bewitching hazard is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In basket-prison hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A fav'rite *Magpye* sees the play,
And mimics every word they say ;
Lord ! how he nicks us, *Tom Moore*
cries,
Lord ! how he nicks us, *Mag* replies ;
Tom throws, and eyes the glitt'ring
store,
And as he throws exclaims *Tom Moore !*
Tom Moore the mimic bird replies ;
The astonish'd gamesters lift their eyes,
And wond'ring stare and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.

This dissipative life of course
Soon brought poor *Tom* from bad to
worse,
Nor prayers nor promises prevail
To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now between each heart-felt sigh
Tom oft exclaims *Bad Company !*
Poor *Mag*, who shares his master's fate,
Exclaims from out his wicker gate
" *Bad Company ! Bad Company !*"
Then views poor *Tom* with curious eye,
And cheers his master's wretched hours
By this display of mimic powers.
Th' imprisoned bird, tho' much cares'd,
Is still by anxious cares oppress'd,
In silence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his prison gate.

Observe, thro' life you'll always find
A fellow feeling makes us kind.
So *Tom* resolves immediately
To give poor *Mag* his liberty :
Then opes his cage, and with a sigh
Takes one fond look and lets him fly.

Now *Mag* once more with freedom
bless'd,
Looks round to find a place of rest ;
To Temple Gardens wings his way,
There perches on a neighbouring spray.

The Gard'ner now with busy cares
A curious seed for grass prepares ;
Yet, spite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.

A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly spreads the wily snare ;
The feather'd plunderers come in view,
And *Mag* soon joins the thievish crew.
The watchful Gard'ner now stands by,
With nimble hand and wary eye ;
The birds begin their stolen repast,
The flying net secures them fast.

The vengeful clown, now fill'd with ire
Does to a neighbouring shade retire,
And, having first secur'd the doors
And windows, next the net explores.

Now, in revenge for plunder'd seed,
Each felon he resolves shall bleed,
Then twists their little necks around,
And casts them breathless on the ground

Mag, who with man was us'd to herd,
Knew something more than common
bird;

He therefore watch'd with anxious care,
And slipt himself from out the snare,
Then, perch'd on nail remote from
ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.
Lord! how he nicks us, Maggy cries:
The astonish'd Gard'ner lifts his eyes,
With fault'ring voice and panting breath
Exclaims, 'Who's there?'—All still as
death.

His murd'rous work he does resume,
And casts his eye around the room
With caution, and at length does spy
The Magpye perch'd on nail so high!
The wond'ring clown from what he
heard,

Believes him something more than bird,
With fear impress'd does now retreat
Towards the door with trembling feet;
Then says—'Thy name I do implore?'
The ready bird replies—'Tom Moore.'
'O Lord!' the frighten'd clown replies,
With hair erect and staring eyes;
Half opening then the hovel door,
He asks the bird one question more:
'What brought you here?'—With quick
reply

Sly Mag rejoins—'Bad company.'

Out jumps the Gard'ner in a fright,
And runs away with all his might;
And as he runs, impress'd with dread,
Exclaims—'The Devil's in the shed!'

The wondrous tale a Bencher hears,
And soothes the man and quells his fears,
Gets Mag secured in wicker cage
Once more to spend his little rage:
In Temple Hall, now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—'Bad company!'

*In the subjoined lines there is expres-
sion which, we presume, has never
been excelled in so small a compass.*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, thou balm of ev'ry grief be-
low,
How oft thou hast deceiv'd me with thy
shade;
In thee are blessings, few are doom'd to
know,
And when bestow'd, are rarely ever paid.

T.

THE BITER BIT.

A certain priest had hoarded up,
A secret mass of gold;
But where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not told.

At last it came into his mind,
To lock it in a chest
Within the charnel, and he wrote
Thereon, '*Hic Deus est.*'

A merry wag, whose greedy mind
Long wish'd for such a prey,
Respected not the sacred words,
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold, and blotted out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote '*Resurrexit non est hic,*'
Your GOD has ris'n and gone.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
M'CARTY & WHITE,

No. 317 Water-street, New-York:
in half-yearly volumes, containing twenty-
six numbers each, (issued weekly) at
One Dollar the volume. Distant pa-
trons to pay in advance. Postage to be
paid on all letters directed to the Editors.